

THE CITY.

THIS EVENING'S NEWS.

MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS

Their Mutual Relations--Their Common Mistakes.

A little retrospect will do no one any injury; and, may prove both instructive and instructive; but we promise that it shall not be very long.

Lewis Collins, in his history of Kentucky, tells us that Capt. Thos. Bullitt of Virginia, is said to have left the town of Louisville in August, 1776, but that he never returned to the city until the first of July, 1777, in the spring of 1778, George Rogers Clark, with a small number of families landed on Corn Island, now almost a waste of water, and made a statement, in the fall of that year they moved over to the mainland and built a block-house near the locality now known as Elmhurst and subsequently occupied by Fort Nelson.

In 1780, the Legislature of Virginia passed an act establishing a university at Louisville at the falls of the Ohio, appointing trustees to lay out the town into lots; at this time the population is believed to have amounted to 150 souls. In 1780, the population was 300; in 1781, 400; in 1782, 500; in 1783, 600; in 1784, 700; in 1785, 800; in 1786, 900; in 1787, 1,000; in 1788, 1,100; in 1789, 1,200; in 1790, 1,300; in 1791, 1,400; in 1792, 1,500; in 1793, 1,600; in 1794, 1,700; in 1795, 1,800; in 1796, 1,900; in 1797, 2,000; in 1798, 2,100; in 1799, 2,200; in 1800, 2,300; in 1801, 2,400; in 1802, 2,500; in 1803, 2,600; in 1804, 2,700; in 1805, 2,800; in 1806, 2,900; in 1807, 3,000; in 1808, 3,100; in 1809, 3,200; in 1810, 3,300; in 1811, 3,400; in 1812, 3,500; in 1813, 3,600; in 1814, 3,700; in 1815, 3,800; in 1816, 3,900; in 1817, 4,000; in 1818, 4,100; in 1819, 4,200; in 1820, 4,300; in 1821, 4,400; in 1822, 4,500; in 1823, 4,600; in 1824, 4,700; in 1825, 4,800; in 1826, 4,900; in 1827, 5,000; in 1828, 5,100; in 1829, 5,200; in 1830, 5,300; in 1831, 5,400; in 1832, 5,500; in 1833, 5,600; in 1834, 5,700; in 1835, 5,800; in 1836, 5,900; in 1837, 6,000; in 1838, 6,100; in 1839, 6,200; in 1840, 6,300; in 1841, 6,400; in 1842, 6,500; 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NED BUNTLINE'S GREAT STORY!

The Great Living Scout!

BUFFALO BILL.

THE KING OF BORDER MEN.

The Wildest, Truest Story Ned Buntline ever Wrote.

An oasis of green wood on a Kansas prairie—a bright stream shining like liquid silver in the moonlight—a log-house built under the limbs of great trees—within this humble home a happy group. This is my first picture.

Look well on the leading figure of that group. You will see him but this once, yet on his sad face lingers all the wild and fearful realities which are to follow, drawn to a very great extent, not from imagination, but from life itself.

A noble looking, white haired man sits by a rough table, reading the Bible aloud. On stools by his feet sit two beautiful little girls, his twin daughters, not more than ten years of age, while a noble boy of twelve or thirteen, stands by the back of the chair where the handsome, yet maternally-looking mother.

It is the hour for family prayer before retiring for the night, and Mr. Cody, the Christian, always remembers it in the heart of his dear home.

He closes the holy book and is about to kneel and ask Heaven to bless and protect him and his dear ones.

Hark! The sound of horses galloping with mad speed toward his house falls upon his ear.

"Is it possible there is another Indian alarm?" he says, inquiringly.

Alas, worse than the red savages are riding in hot haste toward that door.

"Hallo—the house!" is shouted loudly, as a large cavalcade of horsemen halt before the door.

"What is wanted, and who are ye?" asked the good man, as he threw wide open the door and stood upon its threshold.

"You are wanted, you black-hearted nigger-worshiper, and I—Colonel McKandless—have come to fetch you! And there's the warrant!"

As the ruffian leader of the band shouted these words the pistol already in his hands was raised, leveled, fired, and the father, husband and Christian fell dead before his horror-stricken family.

"If them gals was a little older—but never mind, boys, this will be a lesson for the sneaks that come upon the border! Let's be off, for there's plenty more work to do before daybreak!" continued the wretch, turning the head of his horse to ride away.

"Stop!"

It was but a single word—spoken, too, by a boy whose blue eyes shone wildly in a face as white as new-fallen snow and full as cold—spoken as he stood erect over the body of his dead father, weaponless and alone.

Yet that ruffian, aye, and all of his mad, reckless crew, stopped as if a mighty spell was laid upon them.

"You, Jake McKandless, have undressed my father! You, lose cowards, who save him do this dark deed, spoke no word to restrain him. I am only little Bill, his son, but as God in Heaven helps me now, I will kill every father's son of you before the board grows on my face!"

"Hear the little rooster crow. He'll fight with his spurs grow if we don't cut his comb now," cried the leader, with a mocking laugh, and he raised his pistol once more.

"Monster, you have robbed me of a husband; you shall not kill my boy," shrieked the mother, as she sprang forward and drew her son to her bosom.

"Colonel, there's a big gang of men comin' over the prairie. We'd better git," cried a scout, riding in at this moment.

"Aye! For I don't want to kill a woman if I can help it. Column to the right, boys, and follow me."

In a minute, at full speed, the party dashed away after their leader, and the wretched family were left alone with the dead.

Frozen with terror and awe, the beautiful twins, Lillie and Lottie, crept out to the doorway, where their mother and brother knelt upon the stiffening form of him who had been so good and kind, their dear father.

Oh, what a picture! Grief was still. Nor sob, nor tear, not even a moan arose. They were dumb with agony; paralyzed with a sense of utter helplessness.

On the embowered porch of this cottage sat the widow, still in her morning garb, worn for him whose death she had already pictured, and near her stand two lovely girls—the twin sisters, Lillie and Lottie, now in the early bloom of beautiful womanhood.

They look alike, are dressed alike, and are exceedingly beautiful in her morning garb, worn for him whose death she had already pictured, and near her stand two lovely girls—the twin sisters, Lillie and Lottie, now in the early bloom of beautiful womanhood.

Lillie held a letter in her hand, which the mounted mail carrier had left as he swept by.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! brother is coming home! He says he will be here before the sun sets on the twenty-fifth! The letter is from Fort Kearney, and has been long in coming."

"He is not coming alone," said Lillie. "He brings two friends with him."

"It looks scarce a half hour of sunset," said the mother.

At the same instant Lillie, who had been gazing through an avenue which led westward in the grove, cried out:

"They are coming! They are coming!"

And three minutes later, their horses frothy and hot, three riders at full speed dashed up to the gate fronting the cottage.

"Oh brother! brother!" cried the two sisters joyously, and all heedless of the stranger eyes now looking on them, they rushed out to embrace and kiss him.

Buffalo Bill, for this was he, had learned to hide all his feelings, but with a gentle tenderness he shook himself out of their embraces, and presenting his two friends by name, hurried on to meet the dear mother who, with glistening eyes, waited to greet her idol and her pride.

"My good mother!" was all he said, as he pressed his manly lips to her white forehead.

"My dear son!" was also she said, but pages would not describe the reverence in his tone, or the undying love in her look. Bill now presented his friends in more

form to his mother than he had deemed it necessary in the case of his sisters. "This mother," said he, presenting a young man who, in form and appearance, resembled himself very closely, though he was an inch taller and hardly so muscular, "this is my mate—this is Bill Hickock, the best friend I ever had, or ever will have, outside of our own family. Three times has he saved me from being wiped out. Once by the Ogallalas, once when I was taken with the cramps in the ice-cold Platte, last winter—and once on old Jake McKandless and his gang had a sure set on me. He and I will sink or swim in the same river, and that's a safe bet. Bill, that's my mother, and a better lover trod the footstool!"

Wild Bill, with a natural grace, bent his proud head and took the hand of the lady, saying, in a tremulous tone:

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The three young men, reinforced by two negroes and one white man, the farm hands, were ready for work in less than a minute, and as the Indians did not seem disposed to make a rush for the interior of the house, they waited for the Indians from the doors and windows, they could pick the fiends out from their covert among the trees around.

Meantime the twins had succeeded in restoring the mother to consciousness, and to the hurried inquiry of her son as to the cause of her alarm, she replied that she had recognized the face of Jake McKandless, the murderer of her husband, glaring in with a look so full of hate and vindictive cruelty that she was completely horror-stricken.

"There's too many reds out there, or I'd make a rush and settle with 'em," said her son. "If they say kill me, I'll kill 'em, and a few I'll accommodate him with a private entertainment. Look out for yourselves, girls, the boys are giving 'em Jessie, and it's about time my hand was in!"

A rifle firing had been going on from the moment Wild Bill got to the door, and the Indians shooting at random, for all in the house was dark except the flash of the guns, but every now and then a yell of agony told that the attacking party were not going unpunished.

"What's the stock? Won't they try to run that off?" asked Wild Bill, as his mate, with his side, sent a red to the rear with a shot from his favorite long rifle.

"I expect they will. I would almost as soon lose my hair as to lose Powder Face, for the insect has carried me through more bad scrapes than I've time to count," said Lillie, referring to his favorite horse.

"And I will lose my hair afore I'll lose Black Nell, for she never deserted me. She'll kick the head off any red that tries to mount her. But can't we get to the horses?"

"Wait till I give Dave and the boys in the rear a good scare, then you and me will get to the horses and come in on 'em like as if we were fresh hands in the fight."

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"Pepper 'em into 'em, then, till I tell 'em where they're going, so they'll be keener to shoot when we're comin'."

Buffalo Bill now hurriedly told Dave Tutt and the men, who were firing at everything they saw move among the trees, that he and Black Nell intended to do. The girls and his mother were to know nothing of it till it was all over, for the two Bills felt as sure of driving off the foe by their plan as if they were already in full chase of them.

"Oh brother! brother!" cried the two sisters joyously, and all heedless of the stranger eyes now looking on them, they rushed out to embrace and kiss him.

Buffalo Bill, for this was he, had learned to hide all his feelings, but with a gentle tenderness he shook himself out of their embraces, and presenting his two friends by name, hurried on to meet the dear mother who, with glistening eyes, waited to greet her idol and her pride.

"My good mother!" was all he said, as he pressed his manly lips to her white forehead.

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But ride on, boys, and get something to eat and then we'll plan for a nice bit of work to-night. There's between twenty and thirty Cheyennes left, and they'll fight like blazes for revenge."

McKandless now turned and rode back on the men to the grove, so they in talking with him he did not notice a single person on a hill beyond the river, who had evidently seen all his movements, and who rode off swiftly when the ruffian leader entered the grove.

"There are warriors from my band in the black hills, come to fight the side of their chief," said McKandless to the Cheyenne chief, as he and his men rode up among the camp-fires.

"They are welcome as the rain when the earth is dry. Big Maple is glad to see them here."

"Now cook and eat, boys," said McKandless, "and let your horses rest and feed till we are right. We'll then wipe out Buffalo Bill and his party, and make a raid down the river as far as we can, and then strike for the Platte for a rest."

The continuation of this wild, treacherous and exciting story will be published in the New York Weekly No. 7, which can be purchased from all News Agents on and after Tuesday, December 14th. Specimen copies sent free. The terms to mail subscribers are: Single copy, one year, \$3; Four copies (\$2.50 each), \$10; and nine copies (any all sent at once) \$24. Subscribers of clubs can afterward add subscribers at \$2.50 each. All letters must be directed to STREET & SMITH, P. O. Box No. 4896, N. Y.

The Indians, who were Cheyennes, supposing this to be a reinforcement to those who had defended the house so well, soon gave way and in every direction, but before full half their number had fallen.

"Curse them, why do they shoot so careless from the house—this is the second graze I have had from there," cried Wild Bill, as he wiped the blood from a wound grazing his cheek.

There's a hole in my hat from the same quarter, said Buffalo Bill. "I'd like to know what they mean. It can't be but they know where we are. Never mind—I must hunt up old McKandless now, for if mother saw him he must be here. Let's chase them, Bill, as long as we can."

The two men dashed away, and again a bullet, evidently from the house, passed so close to Buffalo Bill's head that he felt its wind.

The Indians scattered far and wide, but the two men succeeded in knocking over a half dozen more, when the thought struck them that it was better not to go far from the house, lest some lurking behind would continue the attack, and they rode back.

The search for a white man among the bodies of the slain was unsuccessful, for Bill decided in his mind that, if McKandless had been in the party, he had escaped this time.

As they approached the house they took pains to make their individuality known by signals which could not be misunderstood, therefore they were spared the perils which it seemed friends, rather than enemies, had cast upon them during the charge.

In a short time, their horses left close in the shadow of the house, the two brave friends were in it once more.

"You can light up, I reckon," cried Buffalo Bill when he entered. "The reds, or what's left of 'em, are off to their tribes on the run."

"Thank heaven, you are safe," said Mrs. Cody, as she heard the voice of her son. "I hope you and your brave friend are unharmed."

"All right, mother, but a scratch or two that cold water will heal; but as you see the face of Jake McKandless at the window?"

"Yes, my son—I never can forget his face. I surely saw it."

"Then he has got off this time. I knew most of his gang had gone under, but the Cheyennes, who were with him, were the West but the Pawnees are going with the South. If they are we border folks will have our hands full. But we're good for 'em, aren't we, Bill?"

"I reckon we are, if we know ourselves," said Wild Bill.

The moon had gone down before the day dawned, but the repulsed Cheyennes never lated in their headlong speed until a couple of hours after sunrise, when they had reached a thick cottonwood grove on the south bank of the Republican river.

Here, at the call of their chief, they dismounted and gathered around him. By his side, with a low growl of anger and some show of distrust, in his face, stood Jake McKandless, the white ruffian who had planned this foray.

